

The Song Is Alive

Oh, the Song is alive everywhere,
Oh, the Song is alive everywhere,
And you are the ones who are blessed to give the key,
For the Song is alive everywhere.

Oh, the Song is a garden sweet and green,
Oh, the Song is a garden sweet and green,
And you are the ones who are blessed to tend the soil,
For the Song is a garden sweet and green.

Oh, the Song is a bright clear morning sun,
Oh, the Song is a bright clear morning sun,
And you are the ones who are blessed to lift the shades,
For the Song is a bright clear morning sun.

Oh, the Song is a treasure underground,
Oh, the Song is a treasure underground,
And you are the ones who are blessed to draw the map,
For the Song is a treasure underground.

Oh, the Song is a city on a hill,
Oh, the Song is a city on a hill,
You are the ones who are blessed to light the lights,
Turn the darkness bright,
City on a hill,
Treasure underground,
Bright clear morning sun,
Garden sweet and green . . .

Oh, the Song is a road that leads back home,
Oh, the Song is a road that leads back home,
And you are the ones who are blessed to raise the signs,
For the Song is a road that leads back home.

Yes, the Song is alive everywhere,
Sing a song, sing a song.